

ASSASSINATIONS OF
UNITED STATES PRESIDENTS

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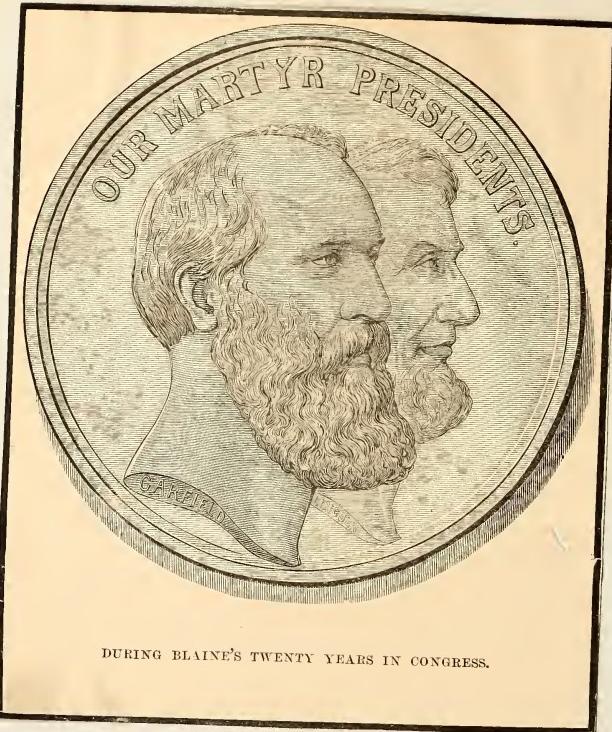
Referred to as /

The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Assassinations of United
States Presidents

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

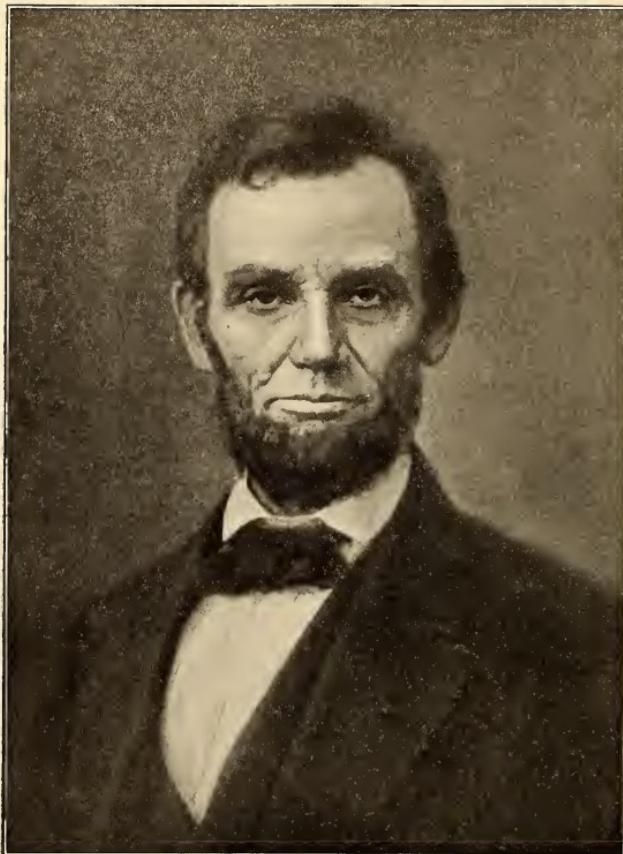
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THREE PRESIDENTS WHO HAVE FALLEN VICTIMS TO ASSASSINS' BULLETS.

Abraham Lincoln, the first of the martyred Presidents, was shot and fatally wounded on the night of April 14, 1865, by John Wilkes Booth, an aberrant actor. James A. Garfield, the second President of the United States to be similarly stricken, was shot by Charles J. Guiteau, July 2, 1881. He died September 18th following.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ASSASSINATED IN 1865.

Abraham Lincoln, the first President to fall at the hands of an assassin, had a wonderful career. He was the eighteenth President of the United States. His parents were very poor and he was born in a Kentucky log cabin. In 1830 his father emigrated to Illinois. Lincoln had no advantages, his whole life being a hard and toilsome struggle against adversity. He fell at the hands of an assassin, in 1865, in his fifty-sixth year, but not until he had seen the results of his labors in behalf of his country. He was a "plain man," with an abiding faith in the "common people," and a great love for them; they loved him, too, and understood him. He was nature's nobleman. His oratory was simplicity itself, but grand and imposing.

RULERS ASSASSINATED.

A Bloody Record Extending Over Many Ages and Countries. /654

"The life of a King," said George III., when a bullet lodged in the ceiling of the box in which he was sitting in Drury Lane Theater in London, "belongs to any man who will pay his own." In that sentence the King of England summed up all the philosophy of assassination.

The attempts and successes of those who have raised their hands against the heads of nations numberless dark ages in modern history. In earlier times these attempts were born chieftain of religious fanaticism. More recently the plotted assassinations of Kings and Emperors have been political in nature.

Peg Nicholson, the would-be assassin, whose poorly aimed bullet drew from George III., the exclamation quoted above, was mad. Indeed, at the time of the French Revolution madmen and fanatics monopolized the business of regicide.

Strange and terrible are the deaths which have fallen upon the rulers of nations, full of mystery, oftentimes, oftentimes marked out by the open brutality of murder or fanatical determination. To all but nearly all the English King's program is applicable, notably in the instances with which America has had to do—the murders of Lincoln and Garfield.

The great Napoleon, when his glory was at its full, was near to death at an assassin's hand on four occasions. Even good Queen Victoria's life has been attempted three times by Edward Oxford, a well-mindid pot boy; by Francis, also irresponsible, and by the idiot hunchback, Beane.

Attempts at regicide have been frequent in all quarters of the globe since 1838. In the 30 years following—up to 1878—there were 23 attempts upon the lives of royal personages and rulers, a large percentage of which were successful.

Large as this percentage has been, "the divine right which doth hedge a King" has been much in evidence as an armor against the dirk and bullet of the regicide. The third Napoleon was shot at quite as frequently as Louis Philippe, and, like the citizen King, he died in his bed. Once a bomb destroyed the royal equipage and killed 14 persons, but the emperor escaped.

In Russia, as in all countries in the world, the man who the nation's head is in jeopardy, Alexander of Russia was assassinated in the streets of his capital on March 13, 1881. The Emperor was returning from a parade in the Miched Manege at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It was Sunday, and the streets there was no sign of unusual activity.

Suddenly a man stepped into the street down which the royal carriage was moving rapidly, and threw a bomb after it. The bomb fell short, but it exploded near enough to tear out the back of the carriage. The assassins—there were two of them—were disguised persons and had not attracted the attention of the Cossacks who guarded the carriage which contained the Czar and the Grand Duke Michael.

The latter was wounded by the first explosion, but the Emperor escaped unharmed, and immediately alighted from the shattered carriage. The driver implored him to enter the carriage again, but he refused and stepped a few paces from it. As he did so one of the assassins pointed a pistol at him, but a Cossack struck it down just as the second murderer threw another bomb. It exploded at the Czar's feet, shattering both of his legs and inflicting other terrible injuries.

A Cossack fell, crying for help. Colonel Dorjyko, who was himself greatly injured, and at whose side two Cossacks lay dead, raised the Czar in his arms and placed him in a sleigh, which was then driven at a gallop to the Winter Palace. An hour and a half later, while a troop of Cossacks kept back the frantic crowd which pressed upon the royal palanquin, Alexander expired, with the name of the Czarwuch upon his lips. He was partially conscious at the last, and motioned away the surgeons, who wished to amputate his legs. The assassins were arrested on the spot. Both were nihilists.

ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

The shot which killed President Lincoln was fired on the night of Friday, April 14, 1865. The President, with Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Mary Harris and Major Rathbun of Albany, visited Ford's Theater in Washington to witness a performance of "The American Cousin." They occupied a box on the second tier. The scene was brilliant and the performance merry until the close of

the third act, when a pistol shot rang out. A man leaped from the President's box to the stage, struck a tragic attitude, and ished a long dagger into the head and cried, "Sic semper tyrannis!" "Sic semper tyrannis!" No one could move, before the paralyzed audience realized the meaning of the screams which issued from the President's box, where Mrs. Lincoln knelt by the side of her dying husband, the assassin creased the stage and escaped through the rear door, leaped over the partition which had been in wall and was away. A hurried examination showed that President Lincoln had been shot in the head. He was quickly removed to a private house opposite the theater, and after a further examination there the surgeons pronounced his wound mortal. While the doctors were at work President's body was picked up on the floor of the theater, where the assassin had sought after his spring from the box, a hat and a spur, and both were recognized as the property of J. Wilkes Booth.

A few moments later came the news that an attempt had been made to assassinate the Secretary of State Seward. Despite all the efforts with which she endeavored to aid the ailing President, it was soon recognized that it was only a question as to how long he would linger. Friends, relatives and members of his Cabinet were with him all through the weary hours of the night and morning. He lay unconscious from the moment the shot was fired. In an adjoining room Mrs. Lincoln, in the agony of grief and terror, exchanged continually the words, "Why didn't he shoot me instead of my husband?"

She took her last leave of the President 20 minutes before he died. At the end only the surgeons, the Cabinet officers, Captains Robert Lincoln, General Todd, Mr. Field and Mr. Andrews were with him. His pulse steadily declined, despite all efforts to rally him, and, at 7 a.m. the morning of April 15, the looked-for and dreaded end came, and the patriot President was dead. His last moments were peaceful and painless.

It was some days afterward before public indignation was calmed in a measure by the news that those selected for the assassination of the President and the attempt upon the lives of the Seward family had been arrested. A reward of \$50,000 was offered for the arrest of Booth, \$25,000 for the arrest of Atzerod and a like sum for that of D. C. Harrold.

Lewis Payne was arrested on April 17 in

the house of Mrs. Surratt in Washington, and was at once recognized as the man who had attempted to kill Secretary Seward. Atzerod was taken on April 20 next Middlebury, Md., and on April 25 J. Wilkes Booth was overtaken by a party of detectives sent out by the War Department. Booth, suspected of the War Department, Booth and Harrold had been traced together across the Rappahannock River to Mathias Point, Md., and on the morning of Tuesday, April 25, they were located in a barn about three miles from Port Royal.

When the barn was surrounded Harrold was within it, and, understanding that blood declared that he would sell his life as dearly as possible. Then the barn was fired and Harrold gave himself up, and Booth prepared to defend himself. Lieutenant Docherty, who was in command of the party, ordered Sergeant Corbett to fire through the crevices in the side of the structure, which he did, and shot Booth through the head. As he fell, the assassin exclaimed: "It is all up now; I'm gone!" He died two hours later.

After a long trial Harrold, Payne, Atzerod and Mrs. Surratt were hanged in Washington on July 7, 1865.

The Shooting of Garfield.

The next great sorrow which fell upon the Union through an all too successful attempt to assassinate its head was on the morning of Saturday, July 2, 1881, when Charles Jules Guiteau, the "crank," shot President James A. Garfield as the latter was entering the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Station in Washington to take a train for Long Branch.

The Presidential party was to leave Washington for an extended tour of New England. It was to meet the President, Mrs. Garfield, who was to meet him in New York; their two elder sons, Harry and James; Miss Mollie Garfield, who was with her mother at Long Branch, and a number of the President's intimate friends and the members of his Cabinet.

The President was driven to the station with Secretary Blaine, Sibley and the President and the Secretary of State seated across the ladies' reception room, in which there were not at the time more than half dozen persons. One of these was a man of short stature and wicked expression, who moved about nervously until the two statesmen had almost crossed the reception

room, and were not more than 10 feet from the door, and were not more than 10 feet from the door.

A report as of a big firecracker challenged the attention of the policemen at the main door, who thought it had been fired in honor of the President's departure. Instantly another report was heard, and President Garfield lay prostrate upon the floor, wounded through the heart in the right side. The shots had been fired by Charles J. Guiteau, a half Frenchman, about 30 years of age, who had been imploring the President to give him Consulate to France. His excited condition had changed in the presence of his intended victim, and he stood there, calm and firm as a statue, an English "bulldog," pistol still smoking in his hand. Secretary Blaine had been a step or two in advance of the President. He turned at the pistol shots, exclaiming: "My God! He has been murdered!"

That was ultimately true, for the victim of the assassin's bullet lay upon a litter, which had been brought from one of the adjoining apartments, and though there were long hours of agony for him, hours of public hope and public sympathy, he had indeed been murdered. Guiteau was arrested almost instantly and carried to police headquarters to await his trial and explanation of his crime. The surgeons found that the second bullet had entered the President's back near the spinal column. He was conscious as in great agony. His pulse was already so feeble that the doctor feared he was in extremis.

As Dr. Smith Townsend examined the wound the President looked up and asked him what he thought.

"I do not think it serious," the doctor answered.

"Thank you, doctor," the President said, "but I am a dead man." He was removed to the White House a little later, when he again arose about his condition and demanded the greatest patience and fortitude. Meantime the assassin was being questioned by the police.

"I did it to save the Republican party," he said. "I am a Stalwart among the Stalwarts. With Garfield out of the way we can carry all of the Northern States, and with him in the way we can't carry a single one." He left several letters, in which he said that he bore the President no ill-will, but that his death was political necessity. The President was removed to Elberon, N. J., early in September, and for a time there was renewed hope for his gradual recovery. Then, when the excitement of the civilized world was greatest, when a nation's prayers were being answered, complications arose and the solitude, which had been grave, became sorrowful in anticipation of the end.

Then on September 19, after 80 days full of suffering and sorrow, came the end. He died in the cottage by the sea, half an hour before midnight, with his wife beside him, blithely unconscious in the few final moments. He had held office only 200 days, 60 of which were spent on a bed of suffering.

And Guiteau, in the course of time, was adjudged responsible for his act and hanged.

Attempts on Jackson's Life.

A noticeable similarity marked the murderous attempt upon the life of President Garfield and that won the life of President Jackson in Washington, on January 30, 1835. Two serious public attacks were made upon him during the last four years of his Presidency—one by Lieutenant Randolph, and one by a man named Lawrence. The latter, in character and method, might well have been a model for Guiteau.

The President and his cabinet were present in the Capitol on January 30, 1835, to attend the ceremonies in honor of a deceased member of the House from South Carolina. President Jackson had crossed the great rotunda, and was about to step out on the portico when a man stepped toward him from the crowd, drew a pistol, and in only eight feet away, fired a single blank shot. The President did not pull the trigger. The cartridge was a bad one, and there was no explosion. He drew another pistol and again attempted to fire, but this weapon failed him also, and in the twinkling of an eye President Jackson roused upon his assailant and disarmed him. Lawrence's explanation was like Guiteau's. He had been deprived of his employment, he said, and felt incensed upon him to assassinate the President whom he regarded as the cause of his own troubles and of the country's political entanglements. He was finally sent to an asylum.

King Alfonso of Spain was shot at in 1878, shortly after an attempt had been made to kill the German Emperor. The would-be assassin was a revolutionist. His aim was bad.

about, and they are undoubtedly here in
our midst. Again we say, Be on your
guard!

One time and another there has been much talk as to what inspired the murder of President McKinley, many people believing that it was the direct result of yellow journalism exciting irresponsible minds. However that may be, none will doubt that the following paragraph from the "La Crosse Weekly Democrat" of August 24, 1864, only a few months before the assassination, was intended to spur some one on to do the deed that followed. The last seven lines were in italics. "The Courant" adding, "The man guilty of writing the above deserves the execration of all good men equally with the man who fired the bullet":—

"The man who votes for Lincoln now is a traitor and murderer. He who pretending to war for what against the Constitution of our country is a traitor and Lincoln is one of those men. He who calls and allures men to certain butchery, is a murderer, and Lincoln has done all this. Had any foolish democratic President been elected upon the Constitution as Lincoln has, he would have been buried to perdition long since. And if he is elected to misgovern for another four years, we trust some bold hand will pierce his heart with dagger point for the public good."

***** MERRITTY *****

AMERICA'S THREE MARTYRED PRESIDENTS



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



JAMES A. GARFIELD.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Among the 25 men who have been chosen to lead this great commonwealth to its present place in the world's history, three have met with an untimely death at the hands of an assassin.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, who was shot

at Ford's theater and died April 15, 1865, was celebrated today.

James A. Garfield was the second martyred president, and after the assassin's attack in the station at Washington, he lingered for several weeks until his death, on Sept. 19, 1881.

The circumstances surrounding William McKinley's death at Buffalo are well remembered by every citizen. His untimely end came on Sept. 14, 1901.

All of these martyred presidents were killed by fanatics who met their just deserts at the hands of the people and the law.

NO less a cynic than George Bernard Shaw is reported to have said in a recent article that the trouble with too many great men is that they do not pick the proper time to die in which to be deified by their people. Had Benedict Arnold died at Saratoga, had Aaron Burr been killed in his duel with Alexander Hamilton, had Woodrow Wilson gone to his reward before the Paris conference, all of these notables in American history would have been glorified by posterity. In the opinion of the English writer, Abraham Lincoln, by way of contrast, passed from mortal sight at exactly the proper psychological time to become the nation's ideal martyr.

1825-1729

FOUR PRESIDENTS PREY OF ASSASSINS

Jackson, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley.

Jackson Miraculously Saved From a Lunatic's Bullet—Lincoln, the Beloved, a Victim of Fanatical Political Foes—Garfield Murdered by a Disappointed Office Hunter—The Stories of These Tragical Incidents In the Nation's History.

RULERS ASSASSINATED IN THE PAST CENTURY.	
Emperor Paul, Russia, choked.....	1801
Sultan Selim, Turkey, stabbed.....	1802
President d'Istria, Greece, saber.....	1831
Duke of Parma, Italy,.....	1854
President of Haiti, strangled.....	1855
President Lincoln, United States, shot.....	1865
President Balta, Peru, shot.....	1872
President Moreno, Ecuador, shot.....	1872
President Gutiérrez, Ecuador, shot.....	1873
Sultan Abdul Aziz, Turkey, stabbed.....	1874
President of Paraguay, shot.....	1877
President Garfield, United States, shot.....	1881
Czar Alexander II, Russia, a bomb.....	1881
President J. R. Barnes, Guatemala, shot.....	1886
Queen of Korea, poisoned.....	1890
President Carnot, France, stabbed.....	1894
Shah of Persia, stabbed.....	1896
President José Barrios, Guatemala, shot.....	1898
Empress of Austria, stabbed.....	1898
King Humbert, Italy, shot.....	1900

Prior to the assault upon Mr. McKinley at Buffalo three presidents of the United States had been attacked while in office with murderous intent. Of these three the first, Andrew Jackson, escaped unharmed, while the other two, Lincoln and Garfield, died from wounds inflicted by their assailants.

On the afternoon of Jan. 30, 1835, President Jackson was in the capitol at Washington in attendance upon the funeral of Hon. Warren R. Davis, deceased member of congress from South Carolina. As the president, with Secretary Woodbury of the treasury on his arm, was retiring from the rotunda to reach his carriage at the steps of the portico he was confronted by Richard Lawrence. He stepped from behind one of the columns and pointed a pistol at the president, who was less than ten feet away. The percussion cap ex-

ploded with such a noise that several witnesses supposed the pistol had fired. On the instant Lawrence dropped the pistol and transferred another from his left hand to his right. He pointed the second pistol at the president and pulled the trigger, but again the cap exploded without discharging the pistol just as Mr. Jackson, with upraised cane, made for his assailant. Lawrence, however, was knocked down and secured by others before the president could reach him.

That Mr. Jackson was uninjured by the attack upon him was little short of marvelous, and his escape was discussed at the time by many in a tone of superstitious awe. Tests were made with the pistols of Lawrence after his attempt, and they were found to be an elegant pair in most excellent order and loaded with powder and ball almost to the muzzle. The powder was of the highest quality, and the percussion caps found on his premises when tested proved to be of the very best of that time. In fact, the two pistols, with new caps taken from Lawrence's box, were fired at the first attempt in each case by the officers who tested them.

Richard Lawrence was a painter and had a shop in a thickly settled part of Washington. He was about thirty-five years of age and, though small in stature, was a handsome man. His father, an Englishman, had died some years before, but young Lawrence had a sister and other relatives living in Washington. At the trial it was shown that Lawrence was insane, that he had been unbalanced mentally for about two years. In justification of his act he claimed at his trial that President Jackson owed him money; in fact, that the president was his clerk and was withholding money that belonged to him. He also claimed to be king of England and America and made other wild assertions, some of which it was shown he had been making for a year or more before his attempt to kill the president.

Lawrence was adjudged insane and was sent to an asylum, where he remained an inmate for upward of thirty years, when he died.

Partisan feeling was running high at that time, and at first many, including the president himself, thought that Lawrence was the tool of others. So great was the excitement produced by the affair that some of Jackson's political opponents, including Clay, Calhoun and Poindexter, were in the frenzy of the moment suspected of having conspired to get rid of the president, but it was soon discovered that this suspicion was unfounded and unjust, and that the crime was hatched and matured in the brain of a lunatic.

Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States, was shot while sitting in a box in Ford's theater in Washington on the night of Friday, April 14, 1865, by John Wilkes Booth, an actor.

Washington was celebrating the surrender of Lee at Appomattox and the termination of the war of the rebellion. The streets of the capital for days had

resounded with the music of bands. The inhabitants were boisterous with cheering.

At about 8 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln started for the carriage. As soon as they were seated in the carriage the president gave orders to the coachman to drive around to the home of Senator Harris for Miss Harris. A few minutes later the presidential party of four persons—the president and Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Mr. Rathbone of Albany, stepson of Senator Harris—arrived at the theater and entered the front and left hand upper private box.

The play, "The American Cousin," was being presented by Laura Keene, the famous actress. From the story of that great crime as told in the life of Lincoln by John Hay and John G. Nicolay the following is taken:

The president had been detained by visitors, and the play had made some progress when he arrived. When he appeared in his box, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," the actors ceased playing and the audience rose, cheering tumultuously. The president bowed in acknowledgment of the greeting, and the play went on.

The performance had not quite reached its middle when, a few minutes before that hour, Booth walked one of the underlings of the theater to the back door and left him there holding his horse. He then went to a saloon near by, took a drink of brandy and, entering the theater, passed rapidly through the crowd in rear of the dress circle and made his way to the passage leading to the president's box.

He showed a card to a servant in attendance and was allowed to pass in. He entered noiselessly and, turning, fastened the door with the bar he had previously made ready without disturbing any of the occupants of the box, between whom and himself there yet remained the slight partition of the door, through which he had bored the hole.

The murderer seemed to himself, it was afterward thought, to be taking part in a play. That later he was in a fit of狂暴, of brandy had for weeks kept his brain in a morbid state. He paused as if expecting applause.

Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the president's head and fired. Dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him he struck savagely at him. Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide and deep wound.

Booth, rushing forward, then placed his left hand on the railing of the box and vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He was in the habit of introducing what actors call sensational leaps in his plays.

He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped. He fell on the stage, the torn and trailing on his spur but instantly recovered himself and no hurt though in fact the fall had broken his leg.

He turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife and shouting the state motto of Virginia, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," and fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight.

The wounded president was borne to the house of Mr. Petersen, across the street from the theater, where everything within the powers of surgery and medicine was done to save his life.

It was at 7:22 Saturday morning, April 15, that President Lincoln breathed his last, closing his eyes as if falling asleep, his features bearing the repose of perfect serenity. There was no indication of pain and only the gradual



ASSASSINATION OF GARFIELD BY GUILTEAU.
[At Baltimore and Potowmack depot, Washington, July 2, 1881.]

Cessation of his respiration to show that the end had come. The Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, knelt at the bedside and offered fervent prayer, again voicing his grief a moment later in the adjoining parlor, where there were waiting Mrs. Lincoln, Captain Robert T. Lincoln and Mr. John Hay, the private secretary.

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of the president, made good his escape. A

reward of \$50,000 was offered for his apprehension and \$25,000 for each of his accomplices.

It was on Thursday, April 27, that the news came of the death of Booth while trying to escape from a burning barn near Fort Royal, Va., where he and his accomplice, Herold, had been brought to bay by a party of troops under command of Lieutenant Edward Doughty. Booth was shot by Sergeant Boston Corbett and lived two hours. Herold was arrested.

The conspirators who were responsible for the assassination were tried by court martial at Washington, and four—namely, Payne, Herold, Atzerodt and Mrs. Surratt—were hanged. The stage carpenter at Ford's theater who turned out the lights to facilitate the escape of Booth, the man who held his horse at the stage entrance and Dr. Mudd, who set the limb which Booth broke in jumping from the box, were sent to prison for long terms.

At almost precisely the time the president was shot an attempt was made to assassinate Secretary Seward, who was lying ill in his home. The would-be assassin, one of those in the plot with Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, entered the secretary's house by a subterfuge, fought his way to the room of the invalid and stabbed him as he lay in his bed. He then escaped from the house.

James A. Garfield, the twentieth president of the United States, was shot while in the Pennsylvania railroad station in Washington on the morning of Saturday, July 2, 1881. He had just entered the station, accompanied by James G. Blaine, secretary of state in his cabinet, to take the train for Long Branch.

As they entered the street door of the station Charles Jules Guiteau stood waiting near the center of the women's reception room. The president and Mr. Blaine walked through the room, while the assassin circled about until he was behind them. He drew a revolver and fired. No one seemed to realize what had happened. The president half turned, with a bullet through his left shoulder. An instant later Guiteau fired again. This time the bullet struck Mr. Garfield in the back, over the left kidney. He staggered forward, sank to his knees and then pitched to the floor.

Mr. Parks, the ticket agent, saw the shooting through the window of his office and as the second shot was fired ran out and grabbed Guiteau as he dodged to get into the street. He held him until a policeman ran up. In his



ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT
MCKINLEY BY CZOLGOSZ.
[At Buffalo, Sept. 5, 1901.]

hand Guiteau waved a letter, which he shouted was for General Sherman and explained everything.

The president himself was the first to realize his condition. In the station, after Dr. Townsend had made a hasty examination, he asked his opinion. The physician replied that he did not consider the wound serious.

"I thank you, doctor," said the president, "but I am a dead man."

All that day the president talked calmly and courteously to those about him. He was suffering great pain and was partially under the influence of opiates. In the evening the course of the ball was traced. It was found to have fractured the eleventh rib and penetrated the liver. It was seen then that the condition of the president was exceedingly serious. It was believed that he could not live beyond midnight. The next day Mr. Garfield was worse, and from that time, during the three months that life lasted, he improved and failed intermittently.

For a time his physicians were hopeful, and the bulletins for a period led the public to believe that the president would resume his duties, but when the torrid weather of midsummer came the patient failed perceptibly, and although it was done at great hazard, he was removed on Sept. 6, 1881, by a special train to Elberon, N. J. The invigorating sea breezes seemed at first to have a beneficial effect, but on Sept. 15 unmistakable symptoms of blood poisoning were discovered, and on the 19th, after a few hours of unconsciousness, he died.

Charles J. Guiteau, who had fired the pistol at the railroad station, had been promptly seized and taken into custody. He had been a persistent but unsuccessful applicant for an appointment to office, first as minister to Austria and then as consul general at Paris. He described himself as a lawyer, a politician and a theologian.

Guiteau was sentenced to be hanged after a sensational trial, in which his sanity was one of the main points involved. The leading insanity experts in the country testified. The sentence of the court was carried out, although by many it was believed Guiteau was crazy.



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT
JACKSON.
[Washington, Jan. 30, 1835.]



ASSASSIN'S SHOT HIT T. R. IN 1912

Three Other Presidents Slain
While in Office—Killers
Paid Extreme Penalty

²³³
Chicago, Feb. 16.—(AP)—For the second time in history an assassin has fired at a Roosevelt—with fatal results.

Last night at Miami, President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt narrowly missed being shot as the bullets meant for him struck four other persons.

In 1912 at Milwaukee, Wis., the manuscript of a speech he was about to make and an eyeglass saved former President Theodore Roosevelt from what would possibly have been a fatal wound.

The Milwaukee shooting occurred on October 14 during the presidential campaign of 1912 when the former President was a candidate on the Progressive ticket.

Manuscript Deflected Bullet

He had just left his hotel to address a political meeting and was standing in his automobile acknowledging cheers of admirers when John Schrank, New York saloon-keeper, stepped forward and fired.

The bullet struck Roosevelt in the breast but it was deflected when it hit the bulky manuscript and the eyeglass. Although he was wounded Roosevelt made his speech. Afterward he came to Chicago and was in a hospital for a week. Schrank was committed to the Hospital for the Insane at Oshkosh, Wis.

Assassins of Presidents have all paid the supreme penalty for their crimes. John Wilkes Booth, the actor, who stepped out on the stage of Ford's Theatre at Washington on the night of April 14, 1865, to fire a fatal shot at President Lincoln, was shot to death himself twelve days later at Fredericksburg, Va., by Sergeant Boston Corbett of the United States Army. Four others, including one woman, were convicted of implication in the assassination and were hanged.

Garfield Killer Hanged

President Garfield's killer, Charles J. Guiteau, was hanged June 30, 1882, at Washington. Garfield was shot July 2, 1881, at a Washington railroad station and died the following September 19.

President McKinley died in Buffalo, N. Y., September 14, 1901, eight days after he was wounded at the Pan-American Exposition by an anarchist, Leon Czolgosz. Czolgosz died in the electric chair October 29, 1901, at the Auburn, N. Y., State Prison.

History has resounded with the crack of assassin's bullets. One was heard around the world—the killing of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary and his consort in 1914. It was the spark that set off the World War.

List of Assassinations

The year 1900 saw the assassination of William Goebel, Democratic claimant to the governorship of Kentucky, and in 1905 former Governor Frank Stuenenberg, of Idaho, met a similar fate.

A chronological list of heads of foreign Governments who died at the hands of assassins since 1872 follows:

1872—The Earl of Mayo, Governor General of India.

1876—Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey.

1881—Alexander II, of Russia.

1894—Sadi-Carnot, President of France.

1896—Nsr Ed Din, Shah of Persia.

1897—President Borda, of Uruguay.

1898—President Barrios, of Guatemala.

1898—Empress Elizabeth, of Austria-Hungary.

1899—President Heurueax of the Dominican Republic.

1900—King Humbert, of Italy.

1903—King Alexander and Queen Draga, of Serbia.

1908—King Carlos and Crown Prince Luis Phillippe, of Portugal.

1913—President Madero, of Mexico.

1913—King George, of Greece.

1914—President Sam, of Haiti.

1918—Czar Nicholas, of Russia, and family.

1918—President Paes, of Portugal.

1919—Ameer Habibullah, of Afghanistan.

1920—President Carranza, of Mexico.

1922—Premier Michael Collins, of the Irish Free State.

1922—I. Narutowicz, first President of the Polish republic.

1928—President-elect Alvaro Obregon, of Mexico.

1932—President Paul Doumer, of France.

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ATTACK RECALLS ATTEMPT ON 'T. R.'

Manuscript and Eyeglasses

Saved President in Milwaukee in 1912

LIST OF FATALITIES

Chicago, Feb. 16—(AP)—For the second time in history an assassin has fired at a Roosevelt—with fatal results.

Last night at Miami, Fla., President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt narrowly missed being shot as the bullets meant for him struck four other persons.

In 1912 at Milwaukee, Wis., the manuscript of a speech he was about to make and an eyeglass saved former President Theodore Roosevelt from what would possibly have been a fatal wound.

The Milwaukee shooting occurred on October 14 during the Presidential campaign of 1912 when the former President was a candidate on the Progressive ticket.

He had just left his hotel to address a political meeting and was standing in his automobile acknowledging cheers of admirers when John Schrank, New York saloon keeper, stepped forward and fired.

The bullet struck Roosevelt in the breast but it was deflected when it hit the bulky manuscript and the eyeglass. Although mortally wounded Roosevelt made his speech. Afterward he came to Chicago and was in a hospital for a week. Schrank was committed to the hospital for the insane at Oshkosh, Wis.

Assassins of Presidents have all paid the supreme penalty for their crimes. John Wilkes Booth, the actor, who stepped out on the stage of Ford's Theatre at Washington on the night of April 14, 1865 to fire a fatal shot at President Lincoln, was shot to death himself 12 days later at Fredericksburg, Va., by Sergt. Boston Corbett of the United States Army. Four others, including one woman, were convicted of implication in the assassination and were hanged.

President Garfield's killer, Charles J. Guiteau, was hanged June 30, 1882, at Washington. Garfield was shot July 2, 1881 at a Washington railroad station and died the following September 19.

President McKinley died in Buffalo, N. Y., September 14, 1901, eight days after he was wounded at the Pan-American exposition by an anarchist, Leon Czolgosz. Czolgosz died in the electric chair October 29, 1901 at the Auburn, N. Y. State prison.

History has resounded with the crack of assassins' bullets. One was heard around the world—the killing of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary and his consort in 1914. It was the spark that set off the World War.

The wounding of Mayor Anton Cermak, of Chicago, at Miami by one of the bullets intended for the President-elect marked the first attempt at a Chicago mayor's life since the assassination of Carter H. Harrison, Sr. It occurred in 1893, the year of the city's Columbian Exposition. This year Chicago is preparing to present to the world its century of progress exposition.

The year 1900 saw the assassination of William Goebel, Democratic candidate to the Governorship of Kentucky, and in 1905 former Governor Frank Steenberg, of Idaho, met a similar fate.

A chronological list of heads of foreign governments who died at the hands of assassins since 1872 follows:

1872—The Earl of Mayo, governor general of India.

1876—Abdul Aziz, sultan of Turkey.

1881—Alexander II of Russia.

1894—Sadi-Carnot, president of France.

1896—Nan Ed Din, shah of Persia.

1897—President Borda of Uruguay.

1898—President Barrios of Guatemala.

1898—Empress Elizabeth of Austria-Hungary.

1899—President Heureux of the Dominican republic.

1900—King Humbert of Italy.

1903—King Alexander and Queen Draga of Servia.

1908—King Carlos and Crown Prince Luis Phillips of Portugal.

1913—President Madero of Mexico.

1913—King George of Greece.

1914—Archduke Franz Ferdinand, of Austria-Hungary, and his Consort.

1914—President Sam of Haiti.

1918—Czar Nicholas of Russia and family.

1918—President Paes of Portugal.

1919—Amanullah Habibullah of Afghanistan.

1920—President Carranza of Mexico.

1922—Premier Michael Collins of the Irish Free State.

1922—I. Narutowicz, first president of the Polish republic.

1928—President-elect Alvaro Obregon of Mexico.

1932—President Paul Doumer of France.

Played in Drama of Three Presidents' Assassinations

BY HARLOWE R. HOYT

Fifty-Eight Years

One week from today marks the 58th anniversary of the assassination of James Abram Garfield, twentieth president of the United States, shot by Charles J. Guiteau in a Washington railway station on July 2, 1881.

Lincoln-Garfield-McKinley. Three presidents have fallen before the revolver of the assassin. And through this list of three tragedies one man played the unwilling role of being closely associated if not an actual eyewitness to each of the shootings.

He was Robert Lincoln, eldest son of the martyred president, whose association with the three crimes has been given little, if any, notice.

Fresh from his studies at Harvard, young Lincoln had returned to Washington only two months before his father was shot in Ford's Theater on the night of April 14, 1865. His mother had insisted he complete his studies despite the war and woman-like, she had her way. Robert was assigned to the personal staff of Grant, returned to Washington with the general and was to have accompanied his parents to the fatal presentation of "Our American Cousin." Because he was tired from his journey, the youth decided to remain at home.

When John Wilkes Booth made his spectacular escape after his mad act, Lincoln was carried across the street to the Petersen boarding house and placed upon a bed which his murderer had occupied during his occupancy there. The Petersens ran a theatrical boarding house and Booth roomed there when in Washington. The Petersen daughter grew up to become a Mrs. Rector, mother of George Rector, whose restaurant long was famous when the white lights made Broadway a spot to be remembered.

Robert Lincoln was summoned from the home. He went to 458 10th Street and remained beside his father until the president passed away at 7:22 the following morning.

The Second Death

Robert Lincoln's role in the Garfield tragedy was a more active one, for he was present at the time that the fatal shot was fired.

Garfield had laid his plans to attend the commencement exercises of his alma mater, Williams College, in Williamstown, Mass., and in connection with this, planned a trip through Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, with Mrs. Garfield, their children and several cabinet members and their wives. So on a Saturday morning at 9:30 o'clock, they were to start in a

special car from the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad. With Secretary Blaine, he drove to the station and entered through a side entrance after spending some time chatting in the carriage with his associate, since Blaine planned to go to his Maine home and remain for a prolonged stay.

Together, the president and Blaine entered the station. There was a report comparable to a firecracker's explosion. Neither paid attention, since the Fourth was but two days away. Guiteau emerged from the women's waiting room, where he had been hiding, recited his revolver and fired a second time as the president turned to face him. His victim fell and Guiteau was promptly seized.

In the waiting room a few feet away was Robert Lincoln, with Secretaries Windom and James, for Robert Lincoln was Garfield's secretary of war. It was he who took charge, gave hurried directions for the summoning of the militia, called physicians and saw that the president was transferred to the executive mansion, where medical attention might be given him.

It was on Sept. 19 that President Garfield finally succumbed to his wound. He died in the cottage at Long Branch, N. J. Secretary Lincoln was not at the deathbed but it devolved upon him to bear much of the load in making preparations for the funeral services in Washington and the return of the body to Mentor for interment in Lake View Cemetery.

Robert Lincoln cared little for politics. He went to Chicago, be-

came a corporation attorney and when George Pullman died succeeded him as president of the Pullman Co. He was serving in this capacity when the Buffalo Exposition of 1901 was opened.

William McKinley was president. Sept. 6, 1901, was set aside at the exposition as President's Day and McKinley attended with due pomp and ceremony. It was at the public reception that his assailant, Leon Czolgosz, an anarchist who had lived in Detroit and Cleveland, fired the brutal shot. Czolgosz passed along the line of handshakers with a revolver concealed in his right hand wrapped in a handkerchief and held beneath the edge of his coat. The president took the youth's left hand. Czolgosz fired.

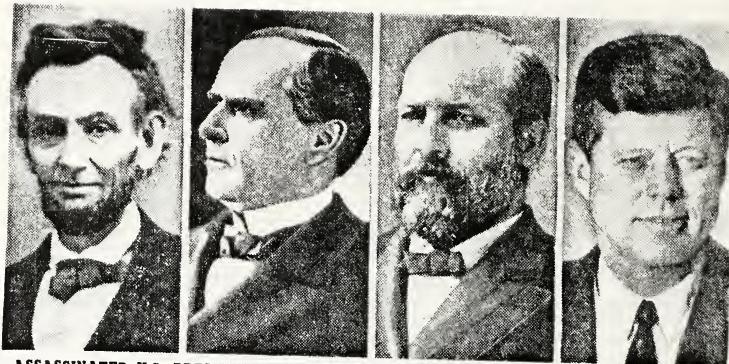
Once again there were scenes of wild excitement. The murderer was seized and roughly handled. The president was taken to the private home where he died eight days later.

As president of the Pullman Co., Robert Lincoln was in attendance at the exposition that day and was at no great distance from the scene.

That Robert Lincoln, one of the innocent victims of the first presidential assassination, should have lived to play such a role in the deaths of two other chief executives is, indeed, a coincidence to remember.

And so is this! John Hay, private secretary to President Lincoln, was present at the death scene in the Petersen home.

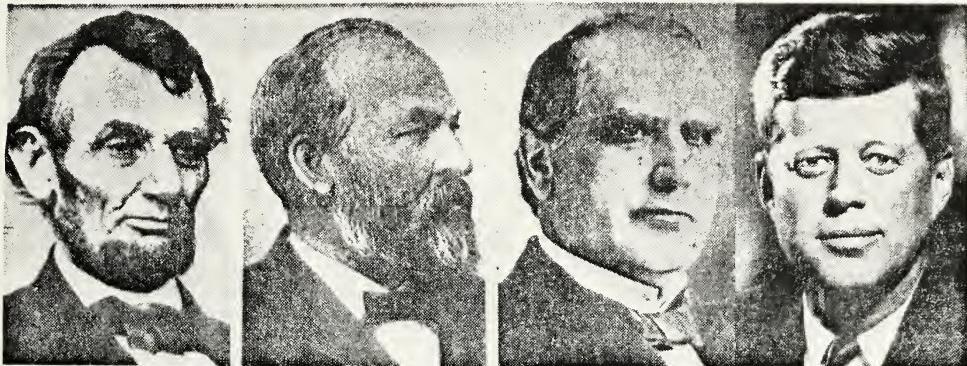
And John Hay was McKinley's secretary of state.



ASSASSINATED U.S. PRESIDENTS—These are the four U.S. Presidents who have been assassinated while in office. From left: Abraham Lincoln, died April 15, 1865, after he was shot in a Washington theater. William McKinley, who died Sept. 14, 1901, was shot eight days earlier at Pan American Exposition in Buffalo, N. Y. James A. Garfield, who died Sept. 19, 1881, was shot on July 2 of that year in a Washington railroad station. John F. Kennedy assassinated yesterday while riding in a motorcade in Dallas, Texas.—AP Wirephoto.

Sat., Nov. 23, 1963

FORT WAYNE NEWS-SENTINEL 3A



ASSASSINATED PRESIDENTS — President John F. Kennedy was the fourth chief executive to be assassinated while in office.

The four, from the left, are Abraham Lincoln, April 14, 1865; James Garfield, July 2, 1881; William McKinley, Sept. 6, 1901, and John F. Kennedy, Nov. 22, 1963. (UPI Facsimile)

Kennedy Fourth U.S. President To Die by Assassin's Bullets

WASHINGTON (AP) — John F. Kennedy is the fourth American President to be killed by assassins' bullets.

The first was Abraham Lincoln, shot in the head April 15, 1865, by southern sympathizer John Wilkes Booth in Ford's Theater here.

James A. Garfield was gunned down July 2, 1881, by Charles J. Guiteau in the Capital Railroad Station as he was setting out on a vacation. Garfield lin-

gered on for more than two months before dying Sept. 19.

William McKinley died Sept. 14, 1901, shot by an anarchist eight days earlier at a Pan American Exposition in Buffalo, N. Y. Kennedy was fatally wounded Friday by a sniper during a Dallas, Tex., motorcade.

There have been other attempts on the lives of Presidents. Of the last four U. S. Chief Executives only Dwight D. Eisenhower was not subject to an assassination attempt.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was shot at in Miami Feb. 15, 1933, while still President-elect. The assassin's bullet missed Roosevelt and fatally wounded Chicago Mayor Anton Cermak.

On Nov. 2, 1950, two Puerto Ricans tried to storm Blair House where President Harry S. Truman was living during renovation of the White House. In the exchange of gunfire, one assassin was killed, the other wounded, and three White House guards were wounded, one fatally.

LAST SPEECH President Saw Nation's World Role

DALLAS, Tex. (AP) — He saw this country, in our times, as destiny's choice, "the watchman on the walls of world freedom."

This was President Kennedy's summation of what would have been his major speech in Dallas Friday. He never delivered it. He was assassinated.



Lincoln Lore

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Mary Jane Hubler, Editorial Assistant. Published each month by the
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November, 1980

Number 1713

JOHN HINCKLEY, JR., AND JOHN WILKES BOOTH

John Hinckley's attempt to assassinate President Ronald Reagan provoked the now customary ritual of national soul-searching and retelling of bad history. Reporters flocked to psychiatrists to get some insight on the madmen (and madwomen) who have at alarmingly frequent intervals attempted to sprinkle the pages of our history with the blood of American Presidents. In Hinckley's case the psychiatrists seem to have the most to tell us, but I long for the day when the reporters seek their historical perspective on current events from historians rather than medical doctors, political scientists, or other journalists.

The impulse to put such unsettling events in perspective is commendable, but the word "perspective" connotes the long

view. Only historians have a long enough view to assess the place of this most recent assassination attempt in America's political history. By failing to consult historians, the press falls for the version of history retailed by those who know little about it. Thus Jane E. Brody, in an article for the distinguished New York Times News Service, tells us that "Unlike other countries, where assassinations of heads of state are carried out either by political fanatics or in a military coup, in this country nearly all assassinations have been personally, not politically, motivated." Anthony Lewis, in an article in the New York Times of April 2nd, calls America's assassins and would-be assassins "lonely, demented men." "Of all the attacks," he writes, "only that on President



THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN,

AT FORD'S THEATRE WASHINGTON, D.C. APRIL 14th 1865.

FIGURE 1. Lincoln's assassination as Currier & Ives depicted it.

From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

Truman by Puerto Rican nationalists had an identifiable political purpose." *Time* magazine, in its April 13th issue, identified John Wilkes Booth as "the first of the modern American assassins." *Time* belittles his love for the Confederacy as "fustian" and stresses Booth's desire for fame. United Press International's Peter Costa got his history from a psychiatrist who had studied "Son of Sam" killer David Berkowitz and from other illustrious medicos. One of the latter said that "Recent assassination attempts have not been politically motivated." And the "Son of Sam" doctor added that John Wilkes Booth was similar to Hinckley in being a failure, overshadowed by a successful father. "The psychiatrist," Costa wrote, "said Bootho [sic] was a failed actor, who never received the critical acclaim that his father — also an actor — did." Most of the articles about the recent attempt agreed that only the Puerto Rican nationalists who attempted to kill President Harry Truman were exceptions to the rule that American assassins were mentally unstable losers little concerned with the issues of politics.

Absolutely nothing in the Lincoln assassination fits this new version of American history. In the hope of destroying this myth before it gains any serious degree of acceptance, let us review the facts of America's first Presidential assassination. John Wilkes Booth's political crime, the murder of Abraham Lincoln.

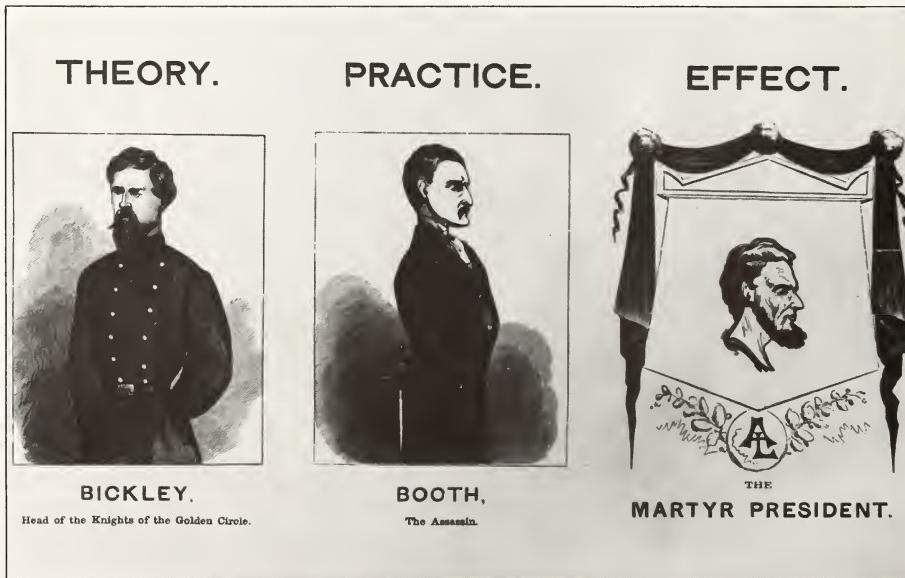
"They are quiet, slightly overweight young men more familiar with guns than with girls." This is the dramatic beginning of Peter Costa's article, which tries to force Booth into the mold of other assassins and would-be assassins. To this profile, Dr. Zigmund Leibenson adds the portrait of "a single mentally disturbed person who is alienated from society, who feels like a zero, is wanted by no one and can't get a job." Jane Brody admits that Booth does not fit the mold of the "little people" who have since tried to kill American Presidents, but she hastens to add that "even Booth was the lesser light in a family of actors more successful than he."

It would be a great error to engage in a debate on this question on the narrow terms suggested by the journalists and psychologists. I do not relish the prospect of a debate over

Booth's psyche, about which we know very little. I feel certain that some doctors and journalists would not find Booth's \$20,000-a-year income a significant index of his secure fame as an actor. His reputation as a ladies' man might be thought a minor exception to the profile. More pertinent to setting the record straight is all the vast historical evidence the doctors and journalists fail to mention — the evidence that proves Lincoln's assassination was a crime with a clear political motive and not the weirdly inexplicable intrusion of a little lunatic into American history. The doctors and the reporters will not find the explanation of Lincoln's assassination by studying John Wilkes Booth's relationship with his father. The answer lies in the testimony, letters, and documents which Booth and his coconspirators left for historians to study.

Coconspirators? The doctors and journalists did not mention them, but they are an important proof of the nature of John Wilkes Booth's crime. In the first place, *they did exist*. His was not the work of some troubled individual so far from reality that he could enlist no one else in his cause. If fact, he enlisted quite a few. Booth's crime began as a plot to kidnap the President, and he gathered a large enough group to accomplish it — a group equipped with the talents he needed for a desperate act. In the late summer or early autumn of 1864, Booth contacted two old school chums of his, Samuel Bland Arnold and Michael O'Laughlen (or O'Laughlin). In the winter he added John Harrison Surratt, Jr. Surratt was well connected in the disloyal network of southern Maryland, and he probably introduced Booth to George A. Atzerodt, the next recruit. Booth added David Edgar Herold, a pharmacist's assistant who had sold the actor medicine when he was ailing from a growth on his neck, and, finally, Lewis Thornton Powell (alias Paine or Payne).

They were all useful men. Arnold and O'Laughlen were former soldiers. Surratt was a spy; he knew how to get away from Yankee soldiers and detectives. Herold was a part-time hunter, allegedly familiar with the backwoods of Maryland through which the kidnappers must flee. Atzerodt had often ferried spies across the river from Maryland to Virginia.



*From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum*

FIGURE 2. This rare and unidentified print interpreted Booth's crime as a political act.



*From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum*

FIGURE 3. Ford's Theatre was a less inviting spot for crime.

Powell was a former soldier, too, and he was large, strong, and violent.

What held this group together? Political views. Arnold and O'Laughlen were former Confederate soldiers. Surratt was a Confederate spy who carried the illegal "mail" from Richmond to Canada and back. Atzerodt had helped Confederate spies also. Powell was an escaped Confederate prisoner of war. Only Herold was so triflingly boyish as to lack any defined political opinions. The other members of the group all hoped the Confederacy would win the war. All had directly aided the Confederate war effort. It is no wonder they did not like Lincoln.

Booth was a man of pronounced political opinions. He, too, hoped that the Confederacy would win the war, and his hope was so fervent that he gave up his successful acting career to pursue the political object of removing Lincoln as an obstacle to Confederate success. In the spring of 1864, General Ulysses S. Grant had ceased exchanging prisoners, figuring manpower was a more serious problem for the South than for the North. Booth thought he could regain that lost manpower for the South by exchanging the President for Confederate soldiers in Yankee prisons.

We know little about John Wilkes Booth, but we do know his political opinions. In November, 1864, he left a letter — the longest extant Booth letter — with his sister, Asia Booth Clarke. "People of the North," Booth warned, "to hate tyranny, to love liberty and justice, to strike at wrong and oppression, was the teaching of our fathers. The study of our early history will not let me forget it, and may it never." This libertarian rhetoric, the stock-in-trade of the Democratic opposition to the Lincoln administration, led Booth to fear that Lincoln was a tyrant. He told his brother Edwin, who voted for Lincoln in 1864, that Lincoln would become king of America. To his fears of the demise of liberty in America, John Wilkes Booth joined racial fears. He had grown up in Maryland, and the political philosophy of that slave state permeated Booth's mind. "This country was formed for the



*From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum*

FIGURE 4. The Soldiers' Home offered the conspirators great opportunities to kidnap Lincoln.



*From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum*

FIGURE 5. John Wilkes Booth.

"white, not for the black man," Booth's letter argued. "And, looking upon African slavery from the same standpoint held by the noble framers of our Constitution, I, for one, have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings (both for themselves and us) that God ever bestowed upon a favored nation. Witness heretofore our wealth and power; witness their elevation and enlightenment above their race elsewhere." Most accounts agree that when Booth shot Lincoln, he shouted, "*Sic semper tyrannis.*" The political motive was uppermost in his mind from the beginning of the kidnap plot until that fateful moment over six months later at Ford's Theatre.

To be sure, Booth's was not a legitimate, rational, or ordinary political act. Thousands of Americans held the same political views he did without deciding to stalk the President with a Deringer pistol. Booth's coconspirators shrank in number as the crime became wilder in conception. By the time Booth had gathered enough men to kidnap the President, it was no longer the season of hot weather in Washington. Lincoln was no longer taking his long rides to the Soldiers' Home to sleep at night, and their opportunity was lost. Booth then decided to kidnap the President from Ford's Theatre while he watched a play. Arnold and O'Loughlen thought the new scheme preposterous; they would not have a shadow of a chance of coming out of it alive. After an abortive attempt to capture Lincoln in his carriage, they left the plot. John Surratt went back to carrying the Confederate mail to Canada. Booth now had too few men to kidnap the President.

Richmond fell. There was no place to take Lincoln now, even if the conspirators could capture him. Only truly desperate measures could save the Confederacy, keep American liberties safe from the "tyrant" in Washington, and make this an all-white country. By killing the President, the Vice-President, and the Secretary of State, Booth thought he might cause a revolution in the North that would accomplish his purposes. Atzerodt, Herold, and Powell were still with him, and each had a role to play on the night of April 14th.

It is true that the political motives for Booth's crime have been obscured over the years since 1865. Lincoln's fame has been an important factor in this. Most Americans have regarded Lincoln as so good a President that it seems only a

madman could have killed him. Moreover, it took an enormous effort to bring this country back together after the bloodiest war in its history. It would not have aided this effort to be constantly reminded that men of Confederate sympathies were responsible for Lincoln's murder. The political motives were conveniently ignored for the sake of national unity; many eventually forgot them. Concern for the Negro reached an acme during the Civil War and Reconstruction. After 1877 white opinions of the Negro declined precipitously, and by the turn of the century few white Americans cared enough about the plight of the black man to recall that hatred of the Emancipation Proclamation motivated Lincoln's assassins.

Finally, Lincoln scholarship itself has been somewhat to blame for our tendency to forget Booth's political motives. The great Lincoln biographers, like James G. Randall, often boasted that they were concerned in their works only with the living Lincoln. They left the assassination to amateurs and sensationalists who invented new motives for Booth's act, motives that further obscured the true political motive for the crime.

The fact remains that Lincoln's assassination was the act of political fanatics, not of a solitary lunatic trying to work out his personal psychological problems. Historians would have told the reporters, if only they had been asked. There is no simple solution to the problem of assassination in America, but the problem will never be solved if we ignore what history tells us about these crimes.

IN MEMORIAM EVERETTE BEACH LONG (1919-1981)

E.B. "Pete" Long, a member of *Lincoln Lore's* Bibliography Committee, died in Chicago on March 31.

Born in Whitehall, Wisconsin, Mr. Long attended Miami University (Ohio) and Northwestern University. His distinguished career began in journalism. He worked for the Associated Press for eight years and became an editor of the *American Peoples Encyclopaedia*. In the 1950s he became Bruce Catton's research assistant on the three-volume *Centennial History of the Civil War*. That experience led to similar work for Allan Nevins on the later volumes of his monumental *Ordeal of the Union* series.

In 1969 Mr. Long left Chicago, where he had lived most of his mature life, for Wyoming. He carried with him an enormous store of knowledge about the Civil War. Two years later he published *The Civil War Day by Day: An Almanac, 1861-1865*. This remarkable reference work — 728 pages of facts — sits at the elbow of nearly all Civil War historians. Long became a Professor of American Studies at the University of Wyoming, one of the very few people in the country to attain such academic status without a Ph.D.

Professor Long recently completed *The Saints and the Union: Utah Territory during the Civil War*, a study of the troubled relationship between the Mormons and the United States in its most critical period. He returned to Chicago this spring to speak about his new book to a local club. He was among old friends. "Pete" was perhaps the most sought-after speaker for Civil War Round Tables, and the Milwaukee and Fort Wayne clubs were awaiting his visit. After the Chicago speech, he walked to his hotel, called his beloved wife of thirty-nine years, described his fine day to her, hung up, and died moments later of a heart attack.

"Pete" was friendly and conscientious. He was a stimulating conversationalist and a dedicated worker. He was a prolific and good writer. He was a gifted, even inspiring, speaker. He truly "gave the last full measure of devotion" to the study of the Civil War.

LAID LOW BY ASSASSIN'S BULLET

M'KINLEY THIRD PRESIDENT TO BE THUS STRICKEN—THE
KILLING OF LINCOLN AND GARFIELD RECALLED.

President McKinley is the third executive of the federal government to fall under the bullet of the assassin," says the Washington Times. Both Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield died from their dastardly inflicted wounds, and have their names inscribed upon the national calendar of martyrs. The sad details of the fatal shooting of each of these rulers of the country have been vividly recalled by the terrible crime at Buffalo, and it may be worth while to narrate again the main facts concerning those past presidential assassinations.

The shooting of Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth was the more sensational, in view of the troubled state of the government at Washington, and was highly dramatic in manner of accomplishment. The additional feature that Booth was the head of a band of conspiracy gave to the martyrdom of Lincoln a peculiar political significance which most assassinations of modern history have lacked. When Lincoln went to Washington to take the oath of office as president the air was rife with fears of an attempted assassination of "the negro's friend." But "Honest Abe" passed through the grim ordeal of the civil war without an attempt on his life, and fell a victim to the assassin in the very hour of seeming triumph and restored peace. On April 14, 1865, General Anderson had raised over Fort Sumter the tattered flag he had hauled down just four years before. The north was rejoicing that the war was over, when, suddenly, the news flashed throughout the land that Lincoln had been murdered.

WHEN LINCOLN WAS STRICKEN.

On the night of that same April 14 the wearied president had sought a slight diversion from the burdens of his office in attending Ford's theater, on Tenth street, near F, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and two friends—Major Henry Rathbone and a daughter of Senator Ira Harris. The bill was "Our American Cousin," with Laura Keene in the cast. Miss Keene was awaiting one of her cues in the side-wing and the audience was eagerly watching the play, when the report of pistol startled everybody. A man was seen to leap from the president's box to the stage, brandishing a dagger, and shouting "Sic semper tyrannis! The south is

avenged!" His foot caught in the folds of a flag and he fell, breaking his leg, but regaining his feet he managed to escape to a side alley, where he leaped upon a horse that had been kept saddled there and fled from the city. The audience was seized with panic. Laura Keene, running into the president's box, held Lincoln's bleeding head on her lap, and the robes of comedy were becrimmed with the blood of this terrible tragedy.

BOOTH'S ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

John Wilkes Booth's bullet had entered one of Lincoln's temples. After shooting the president the half-demented actor stabbed Major Rathbone. The dying president was carried to a small house opposite the theater, where, surrounded by his family and the principal officers of the government, he breathed his last at 7 o'clock on the morning of April 15, in the third month of his fifty-seventh year. The joy over the return of peace was eclipsed everywhere by this bloody event. The body lay in state at the capitol on April 20, and was viewed by a grand concourse of mourning people. The next day the funeral train set out for Springfield, Ill. The cortège halted at all the principal cities on the way, and was greeted everywhere with extraordinary demonstrations of grief for the dead leader. The remains were finally laid to rest in Oak Ridge, near Springfield, on May 4, and a white marble monument, by the sculptor, Larkin G. Mead, now marks the consecrated ground. The expressions of sorrow and condolence that were sent to the federal government from all over the world were afterward published by the state department in a piano volume of nearly a thousand pages, called "The Tribute of the Nations to Abraham Lincoln."

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, succeeded in eluding capture for twelve days after his crime. Fleeing on horseback to a farm about thirty-five miles from Washington, he lay for six days in the woods. Then he secretly crossed both the Potomac and the Rappahannock and took refuge in a barn on a farm near Bowling Green. To this hiding place a squadron of United States troops tracked him. The barn was set on fire and Booth, while resisting arrest, was shot dead by a soldier named

Boston Corbett. Thus miserably perished the murderer of Lincoln, who was a son of the noted actor, Junius Brutus Booth, and whose gifts had seemed to destined him to a noble career. He had been born at Belair, Md., in 1838, and was only twenty-seven years old. His deed brought

for a time an unmerited public contempt for the actor's profession. His own corpse was secretly buried under the flagstones of the arsenal warehouse at Washington. Two years later, however, his brother, Edwin Booth, had the remains interred in the family plot in the cemetery at Baltimore.

BOOTH'S HALLUCINATION.

Booth undoubtedly labored under the hallucination that he was revenging southern wrongs and sufferings in slaying Lincoln. The actor was at the head of a small conspiracy and on the same evening that he shot the president a fellow-conspirator gained access to the home of Secretary of State William H. Seward, where Seward lay on couch with a fractured arm and jaw, and stabbed the secretary several times in the face and neck. Seward's son was also struck down. After severe sufferings both of the attacked men recovered from their knife wounds. Later the conspiracy was unearthed, four of the conspirators were tried, and one was sentenced for a term of years. Andrew Johnson succeeded to the presidency and to the tremendous problem of federal reconstruction, which he so signally failed to cope with in the masterly style of a Lincoln.

The assassination of President Garfield had no such peculiar significance as that of Lincoln. Garfield was laid low by the bullet of a hair-brained individual who had come to Washington for political office and who had been disappointed. To be sure, the division of the republican camp into "stalwarts" and "half-breeds" may have contributed to inspire Charles Jules Guiteau with the desire of killing the president whom Roscoe Conkling had so savagely denounced as a party traitor.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S FATE.

It was on July 2, 1881, only four months after his inauguration, that Garfield left the white house to attend commencement at his alma mater, Williams college. He had just entered the Pennsylvania station in this city when he was shot in the back by Guiteau. Guiteau was promptly captured and for a time there was hope of Garfield's recovery. But after enduring great suffering with notable fortitude, Garfield passed away at Elberon, N. J., on September 19, eighty days after the shooting. He was in his fiftieth year. His public career had not been

without political scandals and he had even been accused of selling John Sherman in his own interest at the convention of June, 1880, which so unexpectedly nominated him as the republican candidate. But the manner of his martyrdom moved all citizens, irrespective of party or opinion, to genuine grief, and his brave battle with pain and death won him the hearts of his countrymen. The remains of this brilliant, Gambetta-like statesman were placed in the rotunda of the capitol, where an immense wreath of white rosebuds stood at the foot of his coffin, with the inscription: "Queen Victoria to the memory of the late President Garfield. An expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American nation." Garfield's memorial monument stands at Cleveland, Ohio.

Secretary of State James G. Blaine was walking arm-in-hand with Garfield when Guiteau fired his deadly shot. Guiteau was one of a small group of people standing near the door to the ladies' room in the railroad station. As the president and secretary passed the assassin turned, made a step in their direction, and drawing a heavy revolver from his pocket, aimed it carefully and fired deliberately. Garfield cried in excited surprise. Blaine sprang to one side. Guiteau then recocked his revolver and calmly fired again at the president, who this time fell to the floor, covered with blood. Guiteau fled, dropping his pistol as he ran, but he was quickly caught.

Garfield was driven to the executive mansion, where his condition was decided to be so critical that it would be highly dangerous to probe for the bullet. The medical judgment in this case has been declared to have been at fault. Later the wounded president was removed to Elberon to benefit by the sea breeze, but the hope proved vain. The bullet lodged in his back caused blood poisoning. It had pierced the tissues by a long, crooked course, leaving a wound that could not be properly drained.

GUINEAU'S CAREER.

Garfield's assassin, Guiteau, had been by spells a politician, a lawyer, lecturer, theologian and evangelist. He pretended to have been inspired by Deity with the thought that the removal of Garfield was necessary for the unity of the republican party and for the salvation of the country. He is said to have exclaimed on being arrested: "All right; I did it, and will go to jail for it. I am a stalwart, and Arthur will be presi-

dent." His trial began in November and lasted over two months. The defense was insanity, but the prosecution sought to show that the murderer had long been "an unprincipled adventurer, greedy for notoriety." The public rage against him was intense. Sergeant Mason, a soldier set to guard him, actually fired a bullet into Guiteau's cell. For this unsuccessful deed the sergeant received a sentence of eight years in the Albany penitentiary. Two months later a mysterious horseman, dashing past Guiteau as the assassin was being led from jail to court, grazed the prisoner's wrist with a bullet. During his trial Guiteau acted in most disorderly style and indulged in scurrilous interruptions. He was found guilty in January, 1882, and was executed on June 30 following. As the last juror signified his assent to the death verdict Guiteau shrieked out: "My blood will be on the heads of that jury! Don't you forget it! God will avenge this outrage!" But the autopsy revealed no disease of the brain. Guiteau's skeleton is now in the army medical museum.

Hinckley and Predecessors

AMERICAN ASSASSINS

The Darker Side of Politics.

By James W. Clarke,
321 pp. New Jersey:
Princeton University Press. \$18.50.

By MICHAEL KAMMEN

JAMES W. CLARKE, a professor of political science at the University of Arizona, finished writing this book just before John W. Hinckley Jr. shot President Reagan in March 1981, and he was able to incorporate some material pertaining to that assassination attempt and to Mr. Hinckley's mental condition. Now, less than three months after a jury in Washington decided Mr. Hinckley was not guilty "by reason of insanity" of attempting to murder Mr. Reagan, Mr. Clarke's book appears in bookstores. It is a serious and thoughtful book — interesting on its own merits, but all the more so with the Hinckley case so fresh in our minds.

In examining the historical context and personal motives underlying 15 assassinations and attempted assassinations of prominent Americans, Mr. Clarke creates a typology based upon his judgment of "the rationality of their acts in the sense that they had meaningfully contemplated the consequences before embarking upon them." He concludes by asserting that "most past studies of American assassins are biased. First, there is an unmistakable political bias toward a highly individualistic psychopathological explanation of the motives of assassins. Thus, at the official level there is a strong inclination to 'explain' assassinations in terms of the personalities of allegedly mentally otherwise would be to risk acknowledging the rationality of some political grievances."

Mr. Clarke demonstrates that assassinations in the United States have ranged across a spectrum. The motives in some instances were both political and "rational" — as in the case of John Wilkes Booth, who loved the South, against Abraham Lincoln in 1865, the anarchist Leon Czolgosz against William McKinley in 1901, Puerto Rican nationalists Oscar Collazo and Grisello Torresola against Harry S. Truman in 1950, and Sirhan Sirhan, angry at American support of Israel, against Robert Kennedy in 1968. In some cases the motives were quite political but much less rational — Richard Lawrence against Andrew Jackson in 1835



Clockwise from left: John Wilkes Booth, John Schrank, Giuseppe Zangara, Lee Harvey Oswald and Leon Czolgosz; from "American Assassins."

ill individuals. To do

ditional, but the objects of their violent acts were chosen almost randomly rather than ideologically — Giuseppe Zangara, who shot at Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933, and Arthur Bremer, who shot George Wallace in 1972. Mr. Clarke candidly admits that two killers in his rogues' gallery do not fit neatly into any category: Cari Weiss, who shot Huey Long in 1935 in order to defend his family's honor, and James Earl Ray, who in 1968 hunted down Martin Luther King Jr. primarily for financial, not racial, reasons.

This typology is useful up to a point. Its limitations are most visible when Mr. Clarke is obliged to make such concessions as this: "Fromme could reasonably be defined as a Type I because of her fanatical commitment to a cause or an ideal. But because her commitment seemed to be primarily to a person — Charles Manson — rather than an ideology, and also because of the obsessive/compulsive nature of that commitment, I believe she can be more accurately de-

scribed as a Type II." The good judgment and flexibility that characterize most of this book break down occasionally when rigid pigeonholing and the use of such social-science jargon as "significant others" occur.

I cannot help wondering whether a chronological approach would not have been preferable to the typological and thematic one Mr. Clarke has chosen, not only because he occasionally alludes to people and events before we actually learn about them, but because clear patterns of influence are implicit but blurred in these nonsequential vignettes. Sirhan Sirhan, for example, had been fascinated when he was in high school by the assassinations of President McKinley in 1901 and of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria in 1914. Sam Byck, who planned a kamikaze attack on the

White House in a hijacked airplane in 1974, had been intrigued a year earlier by the exploits of Jimmy Essex, who killed six people from a sniper's nest on the roof of a New Orleans hotel. Arthur Bremer had carefully read books about Booth, Oswald, Sirhan, and Charles Whitman, who in 1966 killed 13 people and wounded 31 others from a perch on a clock tower at the University of Texas. And, in a more complicated variant, John Hinckley Jr. was powerfully affected by Jodie Foster as she appeared in the Martin Scorsese film "Taxi Driver"; and that film, in turn, drew heavily upon Arthur Bremer's diary for the character of its alienated protagonist.

There are several such "figures in the carpet," so to speak, that emerge independently of Mr. Clarke's typology. For instance, the accused assassins frequently rejected defense strategies devised by their attorneys. Collazo and Sirhan insisted that they were not insane. So did John Schrank, though he seems to have been psychotic

at the very least. Squeaky Fromme tried unsuccessfully to plead guilty; and Guiteau acknowledged that he was insane "only in the sense that he did something that was not his will but God's." If the Hinckley verdict has persuaded many people that the District of Columbia's law is defective in its definition of insanity in criminal cases, Mr. Clarke's book demonstrates conclusively that psychiatric witnesses, for the defense have routinely served up reams of mumbo jumbo.

Another recurring theme in the cases examined in this book is that people in authority often were aware of the assassin but failed to take them seriously, check them out adequately or follow up leads from informants. The initial investigation of James Earl Ray by the Federal Bureau of Investigation simply failed to pursue all sorts of clues that might have determined whether Ray acted entirely on his own or not. A few

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Michael Kammen, who teaches at Cornell, is writing a cultural history of the popular understanding of the United States Constitution.

American Assassins

Continued from Page 9

days before Sara Moore fired her pistol at President Ford, she telephoned the San Francisco police, identified herself and explained that she was contemplating a "test" of the Presidential security system. Two Secret Service agents met with her, decided that she was psychologically incapable of an assassination and concluded that "she was not of sufficient protective importance to warrant surveillance during the President's visit." Ironically, the problem involves not the gathering of information but the quality of

judgment exercised about the information.

MANY other patterns appear in "American Assassins," such as the idiosyncratic inconsistencies in the diverse laws of the states and of the District of Columbia, especially pertaining to the doctrine of "diminished capacity." Before Warren Burger became Chief Justice, by the way, he described the insanity defense as a "fiction" that has often been abused by lawyers as well as psychiatrists.

Despite the author's unfathomable claim that "I have tried to be definitive, not exhaustive," this is certainly a suggestive and rewarding book. It could scarcely be more timely; and the extensive literature upon which it is based, mostly written during the 1970's, indicates a change since Richard Hofstadter wrote in 1969: "What is most exceptional about the Americans is not the voluminous record of their violence, but their extraordinary ability, in the face of that record, to persuade themselves that they are among the best-behaved and best-regulated of peoples." I can't exactly say we've come a long way; but perhaps we've gained a smidgen in self-awareness. Such knowledge is not cheaply purchased. ■



Photo for the Tribune by Gerald Schumann
Tom Bowden, director of the Conspiracy Museum, stands before a symbolic mural depicting theories on several political assassinations.

Life between the lines

Find out the real reason
conspiracy-themed museums are so popular

By Mike Minichini

SPECIAL TO THE TRIBUNE

DALLAS—Tom Bowden used his right forefinger to follow a pattern in the deep oak grain of his wood desktop.

"Do you see the face?" he asked his visitors. "A member of the King family pointed that out to me."

The "face," shown to him by a relative of Martin Luther King Jr., was there. It was as if someone had pointed out a form

in the clouds. As visitors picked out the image too, he smiled, satisfied.

It is Bowden's job these days to show people things they might otherwise miss. He is co-director of The Conspiracy Museum, an unconventional mix of interactive videos and Eastern philosophy and artwork designed to make people rethink the 1963 assassination of John F. Kennedy.

"It's the where, the when and the how," said R.B. Cutler, a

SEE CONSPIRACY, PAGE 4

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Conspiracy

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Boston architect turned "assassinologist" who paid \$400,000 to renovate a corner of the downtown building for the museum. "Then you go into the who and if you don't know why, there's something wrong with you because that's the easiest. I mean everybody knows why."

"It's like writing a detective story."

If there is a need for The Conspiracy Museum's story, then this city seems the place to tell it. Just a block from Dealey Plaza, the museum is right across the street from a monument to the city built in Kennedy's honor in 1970.

"We could have put it in Springfield, but I don't think many people go there now," Bowden said, speaking of Abraham Lincoln's resting place. Lincoln's assassination is the subject of a temporary display on the museum's first floor.

About 50 guests, Bowden called them "a mixture of conspiracy buffs, artists, musicians and plain ordinary citizens," gathered in front of the Lincoln exhibit for the grand opening on April 4. The event coincided with the 27th anniversary of King's assassination. (Cutler considers King's death another conspiracy.)

Dressed in a light brown suit, yellow Oxford shirt, bow tie and round glasses, the 58-year-old Cutler stood out from the other revelers, for whom black was the predominant fashion color.

The unexpected pop of an uncorked champagne bottle interrupted his thoughts at one point. "Fire two," he shouted and then laughed when asked if he heard one or three pops.

For Cutler it was a wonderful night. He told people the only time he was more thrilled was when Dan Rather interviewed him. He talked to the local television reporter who broadcast live from the party for the 6 o'clock news. He traded insights with Melizah, a German-born "energy artist" living in Dallas, as she explained her paintings as a combination of chaos and calm.

"God, this is fun," he said, to no one in particular, as they moved to another work.

Whodunit

If it is fun for Cutler, it is serious work too. Since the mid-'60s, he has devoted most of his time to reviewing assassination information and postulating on his own theories. He's written books like "Umbrella Man," in which he suggests a marksman using an umbrella fired a shot that immobilized Kennedy and made him an easier target for other gunmen. He publishes a monthly newsletter, the Grass Knoll Gazette.

He had loaned money to an assassination information clearinghouse—the John F. Kennedy Assassination Information Center—which operated in Dallas' West End Marketplace, a trendy tourist and entertainment center just off downtown. The center closed in 1993. The plan was to move it to the same building where The Conspiracy Museum is now. That ended with the death of the center's originator. The museum seemed the next logical step.

"I got into this because it was the truth. I am completely unemotional about John F. Kennedy," Cutler said. "I think if you become emotional about it, you

lose some of your ability to match shots and wounds.

"It's hard to be totally objective because you have to keep beating the same horse to death to make damn sure you don't make stupid conclusions."

The conclusion Cutler is proposing has resounded ever since the echoes of gunfire faded from Dealey Plaza 32 years ago. The "why" in Cutler's detective novel scenario is foreign policy.

"We were getting out of Vietnam and they didn't like that. They couldn't change his mind and they couldn't bribe him," he said. "They couldn't wait until 1964 to try and beat him, because they knew they couldn't."

"They" are the "Professional War Machine." Using touchscreen televisions, a dizzying spin of acronyms and an artwork sketch he drew, Cutler theorizes the "P.W.M." worked to control the presidency through virtually every political assassination in the U.S. since World War II.

Subtly is not at work here. The museum's logo is a drawing of the White House seen through the crosshairs of a rifle sight.

There are six kiosks, four grouped together in the center of the room topped by a pagoda-like roof. Each deals with a different part of Cutler's theory on the development of the "P.W.M." At the end of each video presentation, Cutler uses the phrase "ahimsa" which, he said, comes from The Dalai Lama and means "non-forcefulness."

Cutler's interest in Eastern philosophy permeates the museum. In explaining his adherence to Zen, he said: "Life is Zen is."

A 10-foot long mural along four walls—it's flora broken in one spot by an unintentionally ironic emergency exit door—surrounds the four central kiosks. The mural, done by Dallas artist Brandy Redd-Smith, mixes Chinese and Japanese symbols depicting theories on the assassination of Kennedy, King and Robert F. Kennedy, along with Chappaquidick and the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007. All are referred to in the mural and in the videos by their initials JFK, RFK, MLK, KAL 007 even MJK for Mary Jo Kopechne. Kopechne died in 1969 when a car driven by Ted Kennedy plunged into a creek on Chappaquidick Island. The "P.W.M." orchestrated that to keep him from the presidency, Cutler reasons.

The "P.W.M." is depicted as vultures. Brushstrokes and red blots show bullet paths and hits for each assassination. One circuitous line with several green circles implies the Single Bullet Theory in the JFK hit is impossible.

Not everything is dire, however. The members of the Warren Commission, which in 1964 concluded there was no conspiracy, are depicted as three prancing men "giving us a song and dance," according to the museum brochure.

"You've got to have a little humor. I've been telling the other assassination theorists that for years," Cutler said.

Another example of museum humor—tucked among the souvenir mugs, T-shirts, specially commissioned musical CD, assassination theory books and copies of *Paranoia* magazine—was behind him. The book "Case Closed" by Gerald Posner, an account supportive of the Warren Commission findings, is on sale as well and listed as "Best Fiction of the

Century by the Museum's Fictional Advisory Board."

Humor helps keep people interested, co-director Bowden said.

"We want to make people think," said the 57-year-old Bowden. "They don't have to believe what we say here but, again, we hope they think and become more aware of what's going on."

For some, what's going on is not much more than fantasy.

"It sounds like fun to me," said Hugh Aynesworth, an award-winning Texas journalist nominated for four Pulitzer Prizes, including one for his coverage of the assassination. "They have a theory. The people don't have to have fact to have fun."

"I've seen all these people come along with their assassination theories," he said, speaking of the hundreds of assassination theory books. There are so many, in fact, there is a guide to assassination theories. "They were out to make a name for themselves and make money," he said.

An opposing viewpoint

If there's money in the conspiracy angle, there's plenty in the Lee Harvey Oswald-acted-alone version too.

Consider the Sixth Floor Museum, opened in 1989 in the former Texas Book Depository Building. Run by the Dallas County Historical Foundation, the museum is an exhibit of narrated films and displays discussing the assassination. The FBI model of the Kennedy motorcycle passing through Dealey Plaza, used by the Warren Commission, is an important display. The corner "assassin's nest" from which the Warren Commission said Oswald fired the shot that killed Kennedy, is set up as it was in 1963.

More than two million people have visited the museum, according to Bob Porter, the director of public programs for the Sixth Floor. (For adults, admission is \$4; seniors and children pay \$3).

While Bowden is only half-joking when he refers to it as "Posner's museum," Porter takes exception with the notion that the

museum tells only the official account; indeed, it showcases a vast number of other and outre conspiracy theories, perhaps as a way of silencing conspiracy theorists who might shout "white-wash."

"Our museum doesn't take a point of view," he said. "We say what the Warren Commission said but we mention other conspiracy theories as well. We leave it to the visitors to process that information individually."

Porter has yet to visit the Conspiracy Museum but is interested.

"We think all pertinent information should be taken to the public," he said.

Cutter agrees.

"You can go over and get one word, then come here and get another word. That's how I look at it anyway," he said. "I think in a way, if you have the Sixth Floor and you have this, that's about enough."

It seems likely the two will benefit each other, although the symbolic image of a bird feeding off a ribbon back comes to mind. The Conspiracy Museum could handle no more than 100,000 people a year, Bowden said. (Adults pay \$7; seniors and students, \$6; children \$3). There is a free walking tour of Dealey Plaza included.

People already are attending both. Take for example the two audiologists in Dallas recently for a convention. They had first visited the Sixth Floor and then had happened upon the Conspiracy Museum on the way to their hotel.

They weren't convinced by either exhibit, but Cutler's offering left a definite impression.

"I feel just weirded out," said Paulette Daniel of Michigan after leaving The Conspiracy Museum. Despite acknowledging her own doubts about official accounts, she added: "I don't think they proved their point."

Cutter understands.

"Of course, it's just my theory," he said. "But there are a lot of people who share my opinion, Believe me."

